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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLII. CHICAGO, JANUARY 26, 1899. NUMBER 22.

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I that saw where ye trod
The dim paths of the night
Set the shadow called God
In your skies to give light;
But the morning of manhood is risen, and
the shadowless soul is in sight.

A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy
Spirit, and live out thy life as the light.

From "Hertha." A. C. SWINBURNE.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 185-187 Dearborn St.
Chicago.

SERMONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

The literary editor of the *Inter Ocean*, who received one of the first copies of "Sermons from Shakespeare," reviews it as follows in the columns of the *Inter Ocean* of January 9:

"Sermons from Shakespeare."—By William D. Simonds. (Chicago: Alfred C. Clark & Co.) The novelty of the book is that it is a series of "sermons" (not "lectures") and texts drawn from Shakespeare, and not the Bible. The author enters upon his task reverently and with a full appreciation of the Holy Book. But he claims that it is wisdom "to embark freely upon the ocean of truth; to listen to every word of Godlike genius, as to a whisper of the Holy Ghost. Beauty, truth and love are always divine, and the real Bible, whose inspiration can never be questioned, comprises all noble and true words spoken and written by man in all the ages." Mr. Simonds makes six sermons: First, "Noble Brutus;" second, "Faithful Cordelia;" third, "Faultless Desdemona;" fourth, "Destiny-Driven Hamlet;" fifth, "Lady Macbeth." Preliminary to his sermons Mr. Simonds calls attention to the changed conditions the centuries have wrought. When the Bible alone was the standard of all there was in morals, science and government, he turns to recite the long list of illustrious names, who, having seized upon the truths of the sacred world, have lifted them up in the face of the world, have made them shine with new luster and beauty. Of the character of Brutus Mr. Simonds says: "The character of Brutus is full of beauty and sweetness. In all the relations of life he is upright and pure, of a sensitiveness and delicacy of principle that cannot bosom the slightest stain; his mind enriched and fortified with the best extractions of philosophy; a man adorned with all the virtues which, in public and private, at home and in the circle of his friends, win respect and charm the heart." Says Hudson: "Brutus' great fault lies in supposing it is his duty to be meddling with things that he does not understand. Here, then, we have a strong instance of a very good man doing a very bad thing, and, withal, a wise man acting most unwisely, because his wisdom knew not its place—a right noble, just heroic spirit bearing directly athwart the virtues he worships."

Another has written of Brutus: "His trouble was his head, not his heart. He intends to do the right thing—only he does not do it. He gets beyond his intellectual sphere, is befogged, and lost." Our author, upon his opening sermon, says, "Of all writers, ancient and modern, Shakespeare is most intensely human. The strength and weakness of man, the faithfulness and fickleness of woman, the virtue and vice of kings, the truth and treachery of subjects, the soul-conquering evil, the spirit sinning and doomed, each mood of joy and grief, passion and pain, laughter and tears, are all in Shakespeare." Brutus was the type of man that the world loved in his day. He had an intense love of home and country. "Patriotism was the groundwork of his character." Brutus was no coward. He loved peace, but knew there could be peace which was not blessed. He was gentle, as he was brave, and compassion and tenderness held over him a masterful force. As Antony said in his oration: "His life is gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that nature, aye, and God shall say to all the world, 'This is a man.'" Mr. Simonds quotes Mrs. Jamieson in opening his sermon on "Faithful Cordelia." She says: "It appears to me that Cordelia's character rests upon the two sublimest principles of human action—the love of truth and the sense of duty; but these, when they stand alone, are apt to strike us as severe and cold. Shakespeare has, therefore, wreathed them round with the dearest attributes of our feminine nature, the power of feeling and inspiring affection. If Cordelia reminds us of anything on earth, it is one of the Madonnas in the old Italian pictures, with downcast eyes beneath the Almighty love," and as that heavenly form is connected with our human sympathies only by the expression of maternal tenderness, or maternal sorrow, even so Cordelia would be almost too angelic were she not linked to our earthly feelings, bound to our very hearts, by her filial love, her wrongs, her sufferings, her tears."

Speaking in critical comment of Desdemona, our author says: "In herself Desdemona is not more interesting than several of the poet's other characters, but perhaps none of the others is in condition so proper for developing the innermost springs of pathos. In her character and sufferings there is a nameless something that haunts the reader's mind and hangs like a spell of compassionate sorrow upon the beating of his heart." Dr. Johnson says: "The soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakespeare's skill in human nature as I suppose it is in vain to seek in modern virtues." Then follows "Hamlet," the most studied of all Shakespeare's work. Victor Hugo says of Hamlet: "Other works of the human mind equal Hamlet; none surpasses it. There is Hamlet all the majesty of the mournful. A drama issuing from an open sepulcher, this is colossal. Doubt counseled by a ghost, such is Hamlet." "Lady Macbeth" is the closing sermon, and our author quotes the words of many of the most thoughtful, scholarly writers of the world, before preaching his sermon. Among these: "All the great crimes in Shakespeare are inspired by wicked women; men may execute but cannot conceive them. The creature of sentiment is more depraved than the man of crime. We feel that in committing the murder, Macbeth succumbed to a depravity stronger than his own. The strength of depravity is the ardent imagination of his wife. Such a Macbeth! It is crime! It is remorse! It is the weakness of a strong man opposed to the seductions of a perverted and passionate woman.

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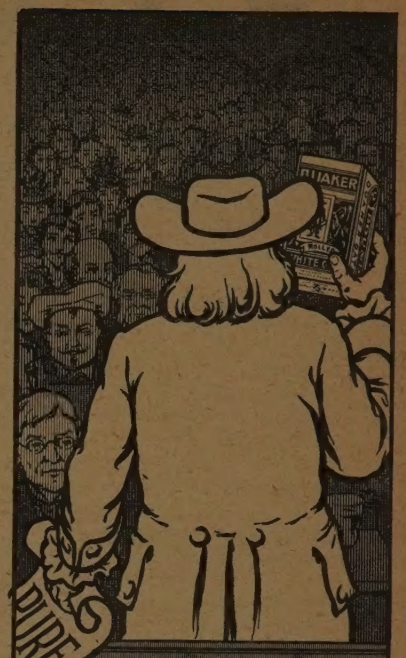

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UNITY

VOLUME XLII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1899. NUMBER 22.

Before we visit too much indignation upon the wayward boys in our colleges or blame too heartily college administration, we will do well to read the arraignment of the parents by one of the deans of Harvard College in the January *Atlantic*. The lax father and the weak mother are serious elements in the problem. Not the light and uncertain touch of the experimenting "new parent," but the strong hand is the beneficient hand of the wise father and mother.

The proceedings of the Omaha Congress, which first appeared in these columns, have been published for the Congress by Alfred C. Clark & Company, in a neat pamphlet of three hundred and twenty pages. Of course, the best things in the Congress escape the printer's stick. The glow, the geniality, the personality cannot be printed, but even in the cold type there is good reading in these pages. The inclusiveness and at the same time the intensity of the meeting is apparent, even in the print, and we trust that the pamphlet will find its way into many homes.

We print in another column the Creed of St. Athanasius. We do not believe in religious polemics, but in finding the ethical truth that lies at the bottom of the well. This creed is one of the dogmatic excrescenses that has filled the Christian world with bloodshed and misery and has, in the belief of those who hold it, been largely responsible for the overpopulation of hell by unbelievers. It is obligatory in the Roman and Angelican churches, though seldom heard in the Protestant churches of America. It does not at all remind one of the "Sermon on the Mount," though held more essential to salvation.

We are surprised to find misapprehension in some quarters concerning the removal from our front page of the seal and extract from the charter of the Liberal Congress of Religion since our last change of dress. The seal was removed simply and purely for artistic reasons. The perpetual presence of that which was interesting at the outset wearied the eye with the impression of a "trademark," but the prospectus on the opposite page announced distinctly that UNITY continued to be the official organ of the Liberal Congress of Religion. Not less, but more than ever, are we committed to that organization that is pledged to fraternity. The unqualified title, the inclusive motto and whatever added power and breadth of message we may bring to these columns are, first, last and all the time, devoted to this interest, and we count continuously on the support of old friends and appeal continuously for new coöperation.

The *Army and Navy Journal* of January 14th undertakes to defend the canteen, which it now dignifies with the name of "The Post Exchange." Whatever may be said of the "soldiers' club-room," in permanent garrison of regular soldiers, under strong discipline, does not palliate the awful enormity which has been perpetrated upon the untried youths of the volunteer service in the recent war, by establishing in each regiment or brigade a saloon tent, where the habit of drinking is nurtured, and all the dangers of the camp tremendously intensified. The violence done to our volunteer soldiers by Spanish bullets or tropical climate is an estimable one, but the damage done these same volunteers by the corrupting influence of the canteen and the demoralization of the undisciplined camp, is beyong all computation.

The *Advance* for January 12th contains an interesting address by Dr. D. K. Pearson, recently delivered at Battle Creek, Michigan, on "The Use of Money." Doctor Pearson takes the public into his confidence and tells how he makes his investment. He calls himself a "thrifty frugal old man," who has been laboring for nearly eighty years to make money. He disclaims the title of benevolent. Having made money, he has been trying to invest it on business principles. He says: "I cannot carry it out of the world in my dead hands. Coffins were not made to carry money in. I have got to leave it. Now, what shall I do with it?" He further shows his business sense by saying: "I never started a college. I never will. We have enough of them." So he turned his attention to the strengthening of the colleges that now exist. Sixteen have known his benefactions, reaching from Michigan to Oregon. We commend the whole address to investors of money, those who are looking for an opportunity to place money where it will surely bring fair returns.

Preachers superficially talk about "the pleasures of sin," the "enjoyment of the wicked," and as the other pole of their philosophy they talk about the "cross of virtue." Rather should the moralist teach that wickedness never brings real joy, even in this world; that the way of the transgressor is hard; that he will not only get into a hard place in the end, but that every foot of the road is filled with briars, pitfalls, rocks and scorching sands. The journey is never undertaken toward the haunts of wickedness without agonizing, aching limbs, and, what is worse, an aching heart. Too long have our children been called upon to listen to the pietistical fancies of the "palaces of vice" and the "downy couches of iniquity." Morality rests rather upon the simple prose of universal experience, as testified to by the unanimous experience of the world. This testifies that the so-called "palaces" turn out to prison pens, the walls of which are clammy and cold. It proves that the "downy beds" are filled with nettles. The young man and woman, standing on the

threshold of life, look wistfully into the camps of indulgence and give rein to their appetite, and slavery, pollution and imbecility promptly await them. Let them trust not the sickly imagination that is enamored of the gilded trappings as they appear in the distance under the glamour of the gas light and the deceptive glare of the footlights. Actual contact will reveal but blank walls, wretched dreariness. There is no devil in this universe that has a single genuine pleasure, one clear joy to offer in exchange for any crime or indulgence in the calendar of earth or heaven.

The Sage.

In recent numbers we have spoken of the prophet and the priest, the one ardent, hopeful, aggressive, with his eyes turned to the front, his hope in the future; the other staid, cautious, timid, formal but steady, his eyes cast downward, following lines already laid out for him, his heart in the past. The contest between the prophet and the priest has always been an unfortunate one, but when such a contest is forced the prophet always triumphs. But life, strength and stability come not from the one nor from the other, but from both. The latest science teaches us that life is conserved by habit as well as propelled by curiosity and adventure.

Now there is a third character as necessary as either of the above, and without whom either or both of the above characters are dangerous. He is the sage, the lover of wisdom, the wise man, whose business it is to reconcile the past to the future, the philosopher who weighs all forces, measures all words. It is he who eliminates what is transient and discovers what is permanent in the work of both prophet and priest. It is for him to discount superficial enthusiasms. He takes pretense and formality out of routine and leaves only the lasting gold. It is the philosopher that detects the hypocrisy in piety, the emptiness of high-sounding words, and exposes the conceit there is in much of what passes current for devotion. He discovers the cant in the stock phrases of pulpit and pew and distinguishes the difference between the voice of the Lord and the call that is accentuated with money and with popularity. The sage is the man who puts ballast into the hold of the ship of life sufficient to match the strain of the sail that is attached to the mast. He may discount the ardor of the prophet, modify the severity of the priest, but his eye is clear, his vision steadfast, because he has taken counsel of reason, has tested enthusiasm by experience. Wisdom is his goal, justice is his method and strength waits upon his conclusion, because he is neither conservative nor radical; he is simply sensible.

The sage is not missing in the pages of the Bible and his place is above that of prophet or of priest, for neither the "law" nor the "prophets" are to be compared in their potency with the "Writings," what some critics call the Wisdom Series, what the old scholars called the "Hagiographa." This includes the Psalms, Proverbs, Job, the Canticles, Ecclesiastes, etc. And these books present most powerfully the universal elements of Judaism; not Jerusalem, but the whole world; not Judaism, but theism. The deathless struggles of the human soul, the profound problems of evil, the yearnings of the human heart, the gropings and the triumphs of conscience are here reflected. The prophet and the priest both turn to these words of the sages and they find them to their purpose.

The Stupid Labor Vote.

When Professor Ely propounded his questions as to the "whyness" of municipal government, he overlooked the most menacing feature of all—the dumb stupidity of the labor vote. That vote has eternally followed the loudest promises, and it is usually the greatest quack and the vendor of the worst nostrums who makes the greatest promises. That vote is so near-sighted that it requires of its aldermen a job, a turkey, a glad hand or a bad cigar, given in apparent friendliness, while the children are poisoned by festering garbage and the interests of the people are sold to corporations. That vote is not sufficiently intelligent to discount the wild promises made by office-seekers in the name of either great party. That vote can always be hooked by the bait of unlimited patronage, though year after year the city halls turn out into the street an army of the disappointed, who have wasted their time and squandered their substance in trying to secure the jobs so valiantly promised. That vote fails to recognize, as the greatest friend of self-respecting labor, a civil service law, which, under decent administration (which it does not now receive), would blot out the infamy of our public servants, acting as our political masters, and would permit the laborer at once to know his status without doling out cigars or change to some red-necked boss behind a bar. When Bryan wanted that vote he made a new multiplication table, which possessed talismanic virtues to turn baser metals into gold. When McKinley wanted that vote he told of prosperity to be derived from self-taxation. When Altgeld wants that vote he talks glibly of municipal ownership, which will come, and ought to come, but not a word of the absolute necessity of a civil service law that will keep public employes out of politics, nor a word of the legislative difficulties in the way. He paints a roseate vision of 2½-cent fares, which are impossible under present wages and length of haul. When Harrison wants those votes he will doubtless roast the civil service law and promise jobs.

When will that vote become independent and reasonably intelligent? When will the 6th, 19th and 29th wards of Chicago, for instance, elect aldermen who represent them and not the corporations? When will they demand decent conditions of health for their children, and a decent regard for their rights in the public streets? Are they ready for a John Burns, who will talk sense to them, and not rubbish? Are they ready for advice as to leading a sanitary political existence, or must they still be conjured by the promise of "electrical cures" and "ozonated" liver pads?

When will that vote realize that common honesty in man is the foundation of all decency in public as in

private life, and recognize that all reforms must have the backing of disinterestedness?

It looks as though that vote were being leavened. It is not a bad vote, but its sheer stupidity must be held accountable for most of the villainy, tentative and successful, now found in the city council.

The League of Religious Fellowship.

At the present time this is one of the most prophetic of religious organizations in and around Chicago. Starting as a woman's organization, it now admits men to an equal footing, modestly holding its meetings wherever welcome is offered it. The last meeting, held January 16, was at the Chicago Woman's clubrooms. The program consisted of a symposium on phases of religious thought. The Greek Church, the Church of the Soul (Spiritualist), The Disciples' Church and the Society for Ethical Culture were represented. The American Volunteers were on the program, but Brigadier-General Fielding failed to appear. Although held on Monday morning, the Woman's clubroom was comfortably filled and there was a sprinkling of men to be seen. The various presentations were made frankly, tersely and kindly, but the outcome of the whole meeting was probably an illustration of the way not to do it. Fellowship comes not when differences are sought and emphasized or when self-consciousness is appealed to. Unconsciously, from the Greek Church to the Ethical Culture Society, the presentation was theological, the leading characteristics were expressed in terms of doctrine. The representative of the Church of the Soul promptly landed upon the philosophy of spirit communication. The Church of the Disciples, after disclaiming creeds and doctrines, landed upon the personality of Jesus as the adequate savior of mankind, as the ultimate test of fellowship and the measure of a Christian. While the Ethical Culture, missing, as it seems to us, the central inspiration indicated by the word, and, as we understand, by the movement, dwelt upon the things they did not believe in. They did not believe in prayer, or at least did not practice it, nor in miracle, nor in the infallible Bible, etc.

The fellowship came in the kindly spirit, the genial personalities, the free play of mind represented, and if those representatives had applied themselves to any of the living issues of our day, the pressing problems of our time, they would have promptly forgotten their theological differences and have rejoiced in their ethical unities. We hope that this League of Religious Fellowship is a very small seed out of which there may grow a very large tree, whose "leaves will be for the healing of the nations."

The only things that need trouble us very much are not the things it is right to conquer, but the things it is wrong to conquer.—*James Lane Allen.*

The single compensation one must always try to wrest from the disagreeable things of life is to do them in such a way that they will never fester in the conscience like thorns broken off in the flesh.—*James Lane Allen.*

The Forgiveness of God.

"Come near and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."
—Isaiah 1:18.

All like the dew upon the waiting flowers,
The word of God to us in love descends,
That we for all our ill should make amends,
And come to Him—presenting all our powers—
His name to serve thro' all the golden hours;
For He His Mercy like the sunshine sends
And with reproof His sweet persuasion blends—
As high His love above our weakness towers!
"Come now and let us reason, saith the Lord,
And though your sins as scarlet be—like snow
They shall become," breathes forth the living word,
"Tho' crimson—they as whitened wool shall show,"
For love to love extendeth mercy free,
And covers guilt like waters of the sea!

O mercy thus so infinite in scope,
How turns the heart of man to welcome thee,
And in companionship of love to be
Borne up by blessedness of faith and hope:
Forgiven, it can with darkness bravely cope,
It can from sin to thy dear shelter flee;
It feels 'tis master of its fate and free,
Yet held to love as by unbreaking rope!
So while rebellion goes upon its way,
It evermore is met by Mercy's self,
And it constraining Reason must obey—
And turn from lure of poisoned power or pelf:
O happy heart that curse of sin did know—
And heard—"Though scarlet—it shall be like snow!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The Future Work of Woman's Clubs.

A paper delivered before the City Federation of Woman's Clubs, at Grand Rapids, Mich.; by Rev. Lila Frost Spraguc.

There has been a danger in our rapidly multiplying organizations that we lose sight of the underlying motives for which we have combined, a danger that we make the mere coming together the chief motive of our club life. It was necessary in the beginning that we demonstrate our ability to work together. It has become not only necessary, but imperative, that, if we are to continue our organizations, we should work together for some purpose; that we get an aim in our collective life, create ideals for ourselves and strive to realize them. Otherwise we shall become a demoralizing, rather than an ennobling, influence in any community.

The future work of woman's clubs must be unselfish. We must recognize that we are members of the social body, that we have no right to spend time, strength and intellectual force in any way that brings no return to the community of which we are a part. When I say that our work should be unselfish, I do not mean that we should relax our efforts toward self-development. I know of no better way by which the general culture can be deepened and broadened. than by the deepening and broadening of individual culture. The world thinks itself onward and upward through its separate minds; civilization is an accumulation of thought. Differences in cities, towns and neighborhoods are due to the thinking or non-thinking habits of the people.

To accomplish good work in any line we must be thinking women. We must be able to distinguish between the genuine and the artificial; we must discern that we are not always studying a subject when we are writing papers about it or discussing it over our embroidery in a cozy club room on a disagreeable day. This is the great weakness of our club life, which the club woman of the near future will correct. Too often we know about books, but we do not know books. We know the personal idiosyncrasies of authors whose writings are an unknown quantity to us. We talk learnedly of the literary methods of men about whose

thought life we know absolutely nothing. There is that in human nature which makes this touch of the personal interesting and attractive, but when it becomes the end of study, rather than an inspiration, it is little better than mere curiosity. We shall come, in time, to recognize the wastefulness of our present method. We will not write so many papers, we will not discuss so many subjects on the same day. Our programs will not resemble an intellectual crazy quilt and we will have more respect for the human understanding than to demand that it shall acquire an intimate knowledge of all things in one, three, or even five years of club life.

But this is side talk. Before us is the possibility of creating and cultivating a public taste for whatever is best in many lines. There is something radically wrong in the thought life of any community, when it can be truthfully said that the best does not pay for itself, because the majority do not care to witness artistic performances or to hear fine music, or great speakers upon great themes. Wherever this condition exists it is worth while for the minority to get the best at its own expense, to bring it before the majority whenever possible, until the common mind is stimulated to a desire for advancement and culture. To be satisfied with mediocrity is a little worse than to be content with ignorance; ignorance does not know what it loses, mediocrity deliberately chooses to lose. I once heard Dr. Stebbins of San Francisco say to a gathering of young ministers: "You are not to give your people what they wish—entertainment, oratory, amusement—but what all people of all times have *wanted* (whether they knew it or not), the living message of religion." There is a principle in this which we should not ignore. Our clubs are not formed merely to please, but to help, uplift and inspire. Think what it would mean to the intellectual life of any city if each club decided upon some definite line of study for the year, brought to its platforms the masters of that particular branch, and opened its doors to all who would come. The members, in the meantime, spending in real study, at their own firesides, the hours and days usually given to searching the public library for information on some, ofter unimportant, subject.

With the growth of public taste, the next step in what I believe to be our future work becomes easier. If we fulfill our opportunities we are destined to be a power in civic affairs. The needs of our schools, the necessity for better sanitary measures and pure water supply, the care of the poor and the reform of the criminal—all these demand the attention of thoughtful people. In regard to all of them, an increased and conscientious public sentiment must be developed. I do not much believe in the cry that the people in this country cannot get what they want. If they are oppressed, it is because they do not, through ignorance or indifference, *choose* not to be oppressed. When a pure water supply is really demanded, ways and means will be devised for obtaining it. If the people want clean streets they will have them. If they have the interests of the schools deeply at heart, corrupt political methods cannot be used in their managements. It is a long, hard task that is before us, to first create a desire for the best and then arouse a sense of responsibility in the public mind. Before we can hope for any measure of success we must make for ourselves new ideals, we must learn to work from the standpoint of reason, instead of sentiment. We must have the courage of our convictions and stand for them in the face of prejudice and opposition. We must keep ourselves sane and stop following after fads. We must not accept as sound theories which our experience tells us are false through and through. We must not allow our pride in our institutions to blind us to their defects. It has become almost an impertinence for a mother to lift her voice in opposition to any part of the public school work. The schools are in the hands of specialists who have given time and thought to the perfection of an educational system. They, according to the popular ideas, are to decide for us what is best for our children. I have already made a plea for the specialist, but in this matter the mother, not the teacher, is the specialist, or should be. The teachers and the board should decide not for us, but with us, in matters of vital importance to our children. It is not possible with a teacher having from forty to sixty pupils under her charge to tell just what effect her teaching is having on the thought life of the children, unless she is working in concert with the mother. The whole tendency of our system is imitative, not suggestive. Unlimited effort is expended to teach the child expression, without any attempt to give it something to express. It is drilled and drilled, and drilled to repeat certain meaningless sounds and make certain meaningless characters on its slate, until the mental faculties are dulled by inaction, and the nerves and eyes ache with the cruel drudgery. I do not wish to be understood as offering any criticism upon teachers; I believe the majority of them are consecrated workers, struggling only a little less painfully than the child under the limitations and burdens of a tyrannous system. The fault lies in the indifference of parents, a lack of coöperation between the mother and the teacher, and the false idea of economy that prevails in the public mind. All of these evils it is within our power to correct if we are willing to devote time, strength and thought to that end. The NEW UNITY, copying from an article in the Toledo *Blade*, on the opening of the club season in that city, says: "No less than thirty-four clubs, circles and classes are enumerated," and adds: "Something good ought to come out of these varied activities. Something not so good may come if this tendency to clubs is allowed to drift unrelated to other causes and undirected by broad minds in the interest of the general good." We have no right to keep apart, unrelated to other forces in our community. The relationship to the schools should be close, one which no politician would dare to question. It should be clear in our own minds that the schools exist for the education of our children, not for the development of a machine warranted to clip them all into the same pattern. We should see to it that no one is elected to our school board to whom the child mind is not sacred. The teacher should feel our influence behind her as a bulwark of strength to sustain her in every progressive effort, to resist with her every demoralizing or weakening tendency.

I do not think I exaggerate our power, either in this or certain other important work. Here or there we have examples of what woman's organizations can do when their members are fully awake to their opportunities, when they have outgrown the sentimental stage and faced conditions as they exist. More often we have instances of one woman, who has studied her point from every side, fortified her soul with a sense of right, met obstacles with undaunted courage, and worked without ceasing, gaining the noblest results in the face of the strongest opposition. Laura Ormston Chant closed the vilest music hall in London with a strange combination of influences (that of royalty and the slums) opposing her efforts. Jane Addams has made of what was once the filthiest ward in Chicago an object lesson in cleanliness to the cities of the world. It is commonly conceded that in most of our larger cities the saloon element and the ward heeler rule in municipal affairs, the respectable portion of the community accepting this as an inevitable evil. It is inevitable only because the saloon element and the ward heeler work harder for their interests than the respectable portion of the community works for the interests of the whole. With our united strength we might do much to overcome the popular indifference, become an

active force, not only in maintaining cleanliness, but in creating beauty in our surroundings. In every city there should be breathing places, free from crowding walls and overshadowing roofs—green spots to rest the eye and refresh the mind, fountains of pure water and parks where children need not "keep off the grass." The commercial spirit of any growing city will make all of these impossible unless somewhere there is an ever watchful force resisting its encroachments. This force I believe it our duty to become. To be unitedly to the community what we should be individually to our homes—watchful, sympathetic, wise guardians of peace and love, creating beauty and insisting on purity and unselfishness.

Of philanthropic and reformatory effort, separately, I have not spoken, though I feel that all that I have said bears indirectly upon the questions of caring for the poor and uplifting the fallen. The problem which faces us to-day is not so much how shall the unfortunate and vicious be housed and clothed and fed, as how shall they be uplifted and inspired and made conscious of the dignity of human life? Any reformatory effort, to be successful, must recognize and direct itself to the cure of the mental pauperism which underlies all degraded and vicious social conditions. It is not enough that homes and institutions are provided to shelter and protect what we call our irresponsible classes; their only salvation lies in *becoming responsible*.

Social questions always overlap each other, the solving of one problem makes the next solution easier. When the general taste is elevated, the public conscience quickened, and the public mind stimulated, we shall have less vice, less poverty and crime to think about. When streets are clean and beautiful, the air untainted, the water pure, and the houses lighted with sunshine, we shall not have to face the evil things that flourish in impurity and darkness. Along all these lines I believe our future activity lies. In a word, we are to relate ourselves to all the great movements, intellectual, civic and philanthropic, of our time. We are to add our strength to whatever makes for righteousness in the community, the nation and the world. We are to so conserve our forces that these movements shall lose no spiritual or intellectual energy through our wastefulness of the divine powers of thought and feeling.

Does all this seem vague, indefinite? It is not easy to lay out plans for the heart and soul forces. One cannot set time and place and manner of offering to the world the fruits of spiritual growth. The main thing is to keep growing, to keep thought alive and feeling warm. The opportunities for serviceable work and great achievement will always appear in definite form when we are ready and willing to meet them.

And now there are two suggestions I would like to make very briefly and very tactfully, if I might, for I do not wish to be misunderstood. The first is that we use our influence against the popular tendency to do everything outside the home. I do not hold, as some do, that the women's club is responsible for this tendency. It has developed with the broadening interests of modern life and the widening field of work. What I mean is, that when the church, the school, the kindergarten and the Sunday-school have given our children the best that consecration can offer, there will still be something lacking, unless individual thought and consecration is added in the home. Whenever we come to think of any institution as an end, rather than a means to an end, we at once endanger its usefulness. The club shares this danger with the church and the school. Rightfully considered, the club is a place to exchange thought and experience, to enrich the mind and inspire the heart, to strengthen the personality; never to absorb it. The home of every club woman should be a radiating center of all that is good and helpful in our collective life.

The second suggestion I would make still more carefully, for I recognize the great work the woman's clubs have done in the past. I see a still greater work to be done in the future. I believe in the righteousness of the movement, yet I feel the time has come to lay less stress on the word "woman," which precedes our club names. I have always felt that any organization which is exclusively a woman's (or a man's) organization has its elements of weakness, and that both belong to what someone has called an "educational interlude." Any work which commends itself to our interest and seems worthy our time and effort should commend itself to the interests of our husbands and brothers, and their efforts should be joined with ours in every noble endeavor. It is not enough to say that they are absorbed in business and do not care for the literature, art, science, sociology, or anything else that we may be studying. The world will never be well balanced until they do care for these things. The standard which makes the mother alone responsible for the education and development of the child mind, which sends her to the class for child study, or to the training school, leaving the father sitting unchallenged over the market reports, or the sporting news, is a false standard; we should lower it and raise a true one in its place. To rob anyone of a due share in responsibility, either by accepting it all, or withholding it all, is equally wrong. I know of no great movement, no vital interest, no noble work which men and women should not share together. In the ideal society, when "the educational interlude" has passed, there will be neither woman's clubs nor man's clubs, but men and women shall assemble together, study together, work together for the home, for the school, for the state and for the world, finding themselves better, happier and stronger because petty limitations and narrowing distinctions have passed away. May these things be! May we hasten their coming!

The Significance of the New Mohammedan College in Khartoum.

It has been widely noticed in the periodicals of the world that General Kitchener, whose campaign in the Upper Nile Valley has been so brilliant, on his recent visit to England raised a large sum of money—$500,000—to establish a Mohammedan university or college at Khartoum, in the Soudan. Word comes that already the cornerstone has been laid by Lord Cromer, the British ruler of Egypt.

What is the significance of the establishment, by Englishmen, and with English money, of this institution of higher learning among Mohammedans, for Mohammedans, and in closest possible touch with, Mohammedanism?

Its significance is this: It is an attempt to break through the massive and hitherto unyielding wall of Mohammedan indifference, if not hostility, to western knowledge, western science and western thought. And it promises to be successful.

Hitherto there has been little success in this direction. We have established Christian missions in great numbers among the Mohammedans of both Africa and Asia, and in connection with these missions we have planted schools. Some interest has been shown in the schools, and in many places they would have succeeded had they not been associated with efforts for religious propagandism. But in nearly every instance this has killed them. The truth is there are probably on other religionists in the world so deeply, so strongly, if you please, so fanatically, attached to their faith as the followers of the prophet. Attack their religion and all that is in them rises up in opposition and defiance. However willing they may be to receive western science and western knowledge, they will no

do so through schools the first aim of which is to thrust upon them an alien faith. Nor can we greatly blame them. They only feel as we should if an attempt were made to introduce among us knowledge from the orient in connection with a movement to convert us to Mohammedanism. Thus the whole Mohammedan world to-day stands almost unaffected by western knowledge and thought, and seemingly impervious to it. This is a vast hindrance to the progress of the world and a serious menace to the future.

Can nothing be done? General Kitchener, and Lord Cromer and other Englishmen influential in connection with the English government, believe that something can be done, and they are wise enough to set about doing it. They believe that Mohammedans will accept the science, the learning and, more and more, the thought, of the West, if it can be given to them dissociated from religious propagandism. This is the meaning of the new college which is just being established by British effort and money at Khartoum.

Nor does this movement stand alone. The British in India are moving to accomplish the same result among the vast Mohammedan population of that country. There they are undertaking to establish, for the benefit of Indian Mohammedans, schools and colleges, with possibly a great central university, which shall be protected from all influences calculated to menace the religious faith of those who attend. By this means it is believed that the iron wall of Mohammedan isolation and prejudice can be broken down, and that little by little the followers of the Prophet in India, as well as in Egypt, can be brought into touch with the thought, the civilization and the progress of the western world.

This movement is criticised on the ground that it is anti-Christian. Such criticism is narrow and superficial. Is science anti-Christian? Is enlightenment anti-Christian? Will men be less likey to accept Christianity when they have become acquainted with the literature and the learning of Christian lands?

But even if this movement does not make nominal Christians, will it, therefore, be of no value? Is not a Mohammedanism, which is enlightened, broadened brought into relations with the intelligence and the progress of the world, better than a Mohammedanism which is ignorant, fanatical and prejudiced against everything in the world outside of itself? Will it not be a safer neighbor to Christianity, and less a menace to the future of civilization?

However, to doubt the advantage to Christianity of the spread of enlightenment anywhere in the world, is to discredit Christianity. If Christianity is the highest religion, it has everything to gain and nothing to lose from schools, colleges, education, enlightenment, in any and all lands. It is a growing opinion among men best acquainted with Mohammedan countries that in no other way could Christianity do so much to ensure for itself an entrance and a future there, as by inaugurating at once in those countries a great movement for the promotion of purely unsectarian education, exactly in line with the college which has just been established by General Kitchener at Khartoum.

Oakland, Cal. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

A Reminiscence.

I can never forget a paper and an address that I heard at the Congress on Suffrage, in the Hall of Columbus, in 1893.

The Congress was opened with a paper on "Race Suffrage in the South," by Prof. Stephen B. Weeks of Trinity College, North Carolina.

He said (in substance; I cannot give his precise words): "More good, blue, Anglo-Saxon lineage is found in the southern states than in any other portion of our country. It has ruled there for two hundred years and more. It will always rule there! It will never brook domination by an inferior race! By fair means if it *can*, by others if it *must*, it will prevent the counting of the colored man's vote!" He related some of the methods which had been successfully used by the white men, as if they were shrewd and praiseworthy, and added, "Negro suffrage is a failure and must remain a failure as long as it is not an ally of white suffrage."

Prof. Weeks sat down in a silence that was *felt* by the immense audience! It was the first paper on any subject that had not received more or less demonstrative recognition.

The next speaker on the program was Frederick Douglass; his subject, "Universal Suffrage." He came forward with great dignity and repose of manner and expressed his gratification in standing on that platform and in such a presence, to speak for the cause dear to his heart—Suffrage! Woman Suffrage! Universal Suffrage!

It gratified him to remember that he had stood on platforms with Lucretia Mott, Frances Wright and a long list of worthies who had gone before. He was especially gratified that he had heard the paper just read. It was evidently a truthful statement. From it he had gained information that gave him renewed hope for the future of his people. They had been abject slaves, "hewers of wood and drawers of water," for more than two hundred years. They had known a few years only of freedom and had lived those solely for self-improvement and self-elevation, with no designs on the rights or privileges of others. If in those few years the negro had become so formidable to the whites, that, though descended from a long line of noble ancestry, they had found it necessary to resort to ignoble methods—deceit, fraud and knavery—to cheat him of his lawful rights, there must be something worthful in his race!

Turning to Prof. Weeks, Mr. Douglass said, "You are not afraid of negro domination! The negro never can rule in this country! He would be outvoted by the sixty millions of whites, and overwhelmed by their superior intelligence! There is no opposition to the negro in the South until he aspires to be a man! So long as he is ignorant and a slave, you do not object to him!"

The audience was in full sympathy with Mr. Douglass from the beginning. As he continued it became thrilled as if by a current of electricity! A few of us, at the least, felt a degree of pity for Prof. Weeks, whose case against "Race Suffrage in the South" had been extinguished—blotted out—obliterated—by a righteous presentation of truth and justice!

Opportunity was given Prof. Weeks by the chairman to reply. But he was not present! He had disappeared. SUSAN LOOK AVERY.

Under the Snow.

"Wonderful treasures the Lord doth keep,
Under the snow where the lilies sleep,—
Sleeping safe through the winter's night,—
Crocus, and daisies, and tulips bright;
But when the wintry winds go by,
And home again the blue birds fly,
We shall find the flowers are all awake,
And brighter far for the nap they take,
With robes of blue, and yellow, and white
Praising the Lord for warmth and light,
Let us praise him, too; for safe we know,
He is keeping his treasures under the snow."

Next Door Neighbor—You are welcome to all the turkey dressing you want, Georgie, but aren't you afraid you'll eat too much and be sick?

Visiting Boy—No'm. We're faith cure people over to our house. I'd like some more dressing.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Good Poetry.

(*Translations.*)

To-morrow.

(*From the Spanish of Lope De Vega.*)

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?

O, strange delusion! that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and O, to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled thy bleeding wounds upon thy feet.
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, O! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still,
"To-morrow."

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

From the Sanscrit of Calidasa.

On parent's knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st when all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Thou then may'st smile while all around thee weep.

—*Sir William Jones.*

In a Gothic Church.

(*From the Italian of Giosue Carducci.*)

They rise aloft, marching in awful file,
The polished shafts immense of marble gray,
And in the sacred darkness seem to be
An army of giants

Who wage a war with the invisible;
The silent arches soar and spring apart
In distant flight, then re-embrace again
And droop on high.

So in the discord of unhappy men,
From out their barbarous tumult there go up
To God the sighs of solitary souls
In Him united.

Of you I ask no God, ye marble shafts,
Ye airy vaults! I tremble—but I watch
To hear a dainty well-known footstep waken
The solemn echoes.

'Tis Lidia, and she turns, and slowly turning,
Her tresses full of light reveal themselves,
And love is shining from a pale shy face
Behind the veil.

—*Frank Sewall.*

Conduct.

(*From the "Mahabharata."*)

Heed how thou livest. Do no act by day
Which from the night shall drive thy peace away.
In months of sun so live that months of rain
Shall still be happy. Evermore restrain
Evil and cherish good, so shall there be
Another and a happier life for thee.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

The Leaf.

(*Leopardi.*)

"Torn from your parent bough,
Poor leaf all withered now,
Where go you?" "I cannot tell.
Storm-stricken is the oak tree
Where I grew, whence I fell.
Changeful continually,
The zephyr and hurricane
Since that day bid me flee
From deepest woods to the lea,
From highest hills to the plain.
Where the wind carries me
I go without fear or grief;
I go whither each one goes,—
Thither the leaf of the rose
And thither the laurel leaf."

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

Curiosities of Literature.

The Creed of St. Athanasius.

Whosoever will be saved; before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholick Faith.

Which Faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled: without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.

And the Catholick Faith is this: That we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity.

Neither confounding the Persons: nor dividing the Substance.

For there is one person of the Father, another of the Son: and another of the Holy Ghost.

But the Godhead of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, is all one: the Glory equal, the Majesty co-eternal.

Such as the Father is, such is the Son: and such is the Holy Ghost.

The Father un-create, the Son uncreate: and the Holy Ghost uncreate.

The Father incomprehensible, the Son incomprehensible: and the Holy Ghost incomprehensible.

The Father eternal, the Son eternal: and the Holy Ghost eternal.

And yet they are three eternals: but one eternal.

As also there are not three incomprehensibles, nor three uncreated: but one uncreated, and one incomprehensible.

So likewise the Father is Almighty, the Son Almighty and the Holy Ghost Almighty.

And yet there are not three Almighties: but one Almighty.

So the Father is God: the Son is God: and the Holy Ghost is God.

And yet there are not three Gods: but one God.

So likewise the Father is Lord, the son Lord: and the Holy Ghost Lord.

And yet there are not three Lords: but one Lord.

For like as we are compelled by the Christian verity: to acknowledge every Person by himself to be God and Lord:

So are we forbidden by the Catholick Religion: to say, There be three Gods, or three Lords.

The Father is made of none: neither created: nor begotten.

The Son is of the Father alone: not made, not created, but begotten.

The Holy Ghost is of the Father and of the Son: neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding.

So there is one Father, not three Fathers: one Son, not three Sons: one Holy Ghost, not three Holy Ghosts.

And in this Trinity none is afore, or after other: none is greater, or less than another.

But the whole three Persons are co-eternal together: and co-equal.

So that in all things, as is aforesaid: the Unity in Trinity and the Trinity in Unity is to be worshipped.

He therefore that will be saved: must thus think of the Trinity.

Furthermore, it is necessary to everlasting salvation: that he also believe rightly the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ.

For the right Faith is, that we believe and confess: that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Man.

God, of the Substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds: and man, of the Substance of his Mother, born in the world.

Perfect God and Perfect Man: of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting.

Equal to the Father, as touching his Godhead: and inferior to the Father, as touching his Manhood.

Who although He be God and Man: yet He is not two but one Christ.

One: not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh: but by taking of the Manhood into God.

One altogether: not by confusion of Substance: but by unity of Person.

For as the reasonable soul and flesh is one man: so God and Man is one Christ.

Who suffered for our salvation?

Descended into hell,

Rose again the third day from the dead.

He ascended into Heaven, he sitteth on the right hand of the Father God Almighty.

From whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

At whose coming all men shall rise again with their bodies: and shall give account for their own works.

And they that have done good shall go into life everlasting: and they that have done evil into everlasting fire.

This is the Catholick Faith: which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

In view of the above, the following letters will be of interest. They were addressed to a non-communicant, and it is hard to understand how a heretic can be saved by good works, unless there is an inconsistency somewhere in the ordinarily consistent scheme of the church:

Dear Friend:—We are desirous of finishing our Chapel of the Immaculate Conception, and hope much from the help of our numerous friends and patrons.

We ask you to return in the inclosed envelope this letter with ten (10) cents, and to write beneath, after your own name, the names and addresses of three or more of your friends willing to do us the same favor.

All who comply with this request will be considered benefactors.

For Benefactors: First, The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered in our Chapel, one hundred times; second, The Blessed Sacrament will be exposed for adoration, on the first Friday of every month, during five years; third, The Community will remember their needs daily in prayer and especially in Holy Communion, for all time.

Asking God to bless all who assist us, we are, etc.

Dear Friend:—"In your charity remember your deceased friends." The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered in our Chapel each week for a term of five years for our dead benefactors. Write the names of those you wish enrolled, inclosing twenty-five cents for each person.

Asking God to bless all who assist us, we are, etc.

A New England Gentleman's Epitaph.

(Found after his death, preserved in Morton's "New England's Memorial," 1669.)

Dim eyes, deaf ears, cold stomach show
My dissolution is in view;
Eleven times seven near lived I,
And now God calls, I willing die;
My shuttle's shot, my race is run,
My sun is set, my deed is done;
My span is measur'd, tale is told,
My flower is faded and grown old,
My dream is vanish'd, shadow's fled,
My soul with Christ, my body dead,
Farewell, dear wife, children and friends,
Hate heresy, make blessed ends;
Bear poverty, live with good men,
So shall we meet with joy again.

Let men of God in courts and churches watch
O'er such as do a toleration hatch;
Lest that ill egg brings forth a cockatrice,
To poison all with heresy and vice.
If men be left, and otherwise combine,
My epitaph's, I dy'd no libertine.

From Stedman's Liberty of American Literature.

Out Doors.

From time back of time there has been a charm about the border. There has been always the romance of unconventional life and the variety and spice of lawlessness. The border has ever been the home of individualism, extreme even to anarchy, and has ever been opposed to the law-abiding tendencies of socialism.

There are none of Heaven's airs in all outdoors, so full of vigor as those that, dry and wholesome, blow through the cañons and about the mesas of our great southwestern plateau, where New Mexico and Arizona appear upon the map. With the impartiality of providence they give healing to the lungs and tone to the nerves of the invalid; they fortify the cowpuncher against hardship and town whisky; they fill the bellows of the burro for songs of fearful intonation, and make the Apache more tireless in his wickedness than ever was son of man in any other clime.

Thousands of square miles lie out there under the glare of the sun, trending from great dry valleys into rolling foothills, and into sharp mountain ranges, green with oak brush with scrubby cedar and juniper.

It is the land of all lands, of the cow and the goat and the sheep. Granted sufficient summer rains and nature cares for the beast of the field. Granted a good horse and a branding iron and the faithful cowboy sees that his employer's herd is duly increased from year to year. Granted, per man, a rifle and a big six-shooter and many a cattle trade is settled among the mountains, when only a coyote-gnawed saddle and a few white bones are left to tell the tale. It is the land where the patient "greaser" runs his mixed flock of goats and sheep on ranges claimed by Americans, and sometimes is permitted to save the pelts of animals that unexpectedly die from too free ventilation by bullets. It is a country where the Mexican manages to get an occasional knife-thrust between the shoulder-blades of unwitting Americans, and where the Apache, after being more or less starved on the reservation, by contractors and Indian agents, goes forth to even up by murdering women and children of Mexican and American, with a fine sense of the equality of all men in death.

And still it is a land of "live and let live." The Americans fail to shoot all the Mexicans and their sheep, the Mexicans, when all is done and said, stick but few Americans in the course of a year, the Indian agents are not quite beneficent enough to starve all the Apaches, and so the game goes on. But when a dry year comes, then there is horror. Cattle eat off the forage near the water and wander farther and farther away in search of food. They are fortunate if they can drink every second day. Every spring and water-hole becomes precious. There is asylum there for rider and horse, but none for stock that has left its own range, and there is battle smoke for sheep and their herders, and for all intruders. The plains, so bountiful in nutrient grasses, are dry and dusty. It is the harvest of the coyote. Great herds wither away from shipment or starvation, and the cattle left behind are skeletons, living or dead. And still the sky is the same and under it the same air blows and the mountains jut up out of the plain unchanged and unchanging.

The land is rich in mines, and especially opulent in gambling houses, where even a stranger (if he has a reputation as a bad man) can have a square deal.

The towns are full of the sporting gentry, which preys upon and despises the cowboy, but the cowboy

is the feature of the rural landscape. He is physically the toughest of all God's creatures, always excepting the Apache. He considers it effeminate to "pack grub" with him, and does his heart-breaking work on one or two tremendous meals a day. If he happens to miss those by being out on the range over night, he "kills a calf"—not of his employer's brand—and fortifies himself for more work. He carries a huge revolver, with which he tackles bears, Mexicans or empty cans on fence posts with *sang-froid*. He gives horses and comfort to stage, railroad and postoffice robbers, but draws the line sharply at horse and cattle thieves. He is a border man, and perhaps lacks an extreme prejudice against the robbery of "foreign tenderfoot" corporations. He leads a sober, industrious and temperate life until he gets a chance to lead a different kind of a life, when nothing but a town marshal, or, in a long pull, the vigorous *vin du pays*, can overcome his enthusiasm or his constitution. He is withal a simple, kindly, loyal soul, to whom the endurance of pain and hardship is a matter of course. He is unselfish and unspoiled. The greed of wealth has not degraded his soul, nor switched his boyish mind from its boyish desire to "rise Hell" at any expense. He may be bad, but he never wrecked a savings bank. He may be vicious in an elementary way, but he never combined passing the contribution box with buying a council or a jury. He lives outdoors and some civilized practices are too contemptibly vile for him.

Lonely and vast in his cheapness stands John Riley Tanner, by grace of the Cook County Machine Dictator of Illinois, and now aspiring to perpetuate his rule. The brightest rays of journalism have been turned on him, but on and beyond, loom the dark masses of his greatness. No fear of libel suit or personal violence has prevented men from accusing him of having mightily shattered all ten of the commandments and standing ready to fracture as many more as may show their feeble heads in society. No man has fathomed the depths nor climbed the heights of his protrusive ignorance.

Corrupt corporate legislation—the anarchy of the rich—and the anarchy of the demagogue, which tramples on court and statute, on written constitutions and human rights, flow together to make the glorious stream of Tannerism.

Dunne and Thompson and Russell of Chicago, and Godkin of the *Nation*, have hard worn the lexicon in search of terms descriptive. Even Altgeld grows speechless. They cannot paint the lily. He is beyond the power of the English language, in all its richness and variety, from South Clark street to Beacon Hill. Firing at the moon, they may hit a star. The shaft may pierce Van Cleave or Humphrey or Gates, but John Riley Tanner they never touch. Mayhap in the fervid profanity of Spain, or in the unknown horrors of Aguinaldo's mother tongue, some of our returning soldiers may discover, and therefrom bring back, words that will give hope to those who, having nobly striven, have failed. Perhaps there is some mystic symbol to express colossal smallness, magnificent insignificance added to hair oil, celluloid collars, alcohol, brass jewelry, ignorance and rowdyism without stint or limit. At present the Governor of Illinois is a lone, awful peak not comprehended and indescribable.

The formation of the gum trust, another blow at the nervous and underworked, brings to mind a great subject for debate. As a substance that perishes not with the using, it seemed about to revolutionize dietetics. It is now claimed by some, however, that in spite of the teachings of Mrs. Eddy, mastication and faith do not fill the stomach.

"Is there any true economy in gum?"

The Pulpit.

Social Responsibility for Crime.

Discourse for Prison Sunday, in First Universalist Church, Minneapolis, by Marion D. Shutter.

"The eleventh census of the United States," says Mr. Boies, "furnishes statistics of a national growth in numbers, wealth and general prosperity, unparalleled in the history of civilization. Our own people, if not the whole world, seem to have accepted these marvelous records as indicating the existence on the American continent of conditions and environments of a national vitality destined to develop here, in the immediate future, the supreme race and people of the world—the consummate flower of humanity. Some of the disclosures made are, however, shocking, if not appalling, in the highest degree, to our confidence in the future. One of these is the abnormal and disproportionate increase of the criminal class in society."

Let us look the situation fairly in the face and then seek the remedies. Wise men do not blind themselves. Wise men do not cry "Peace, peace," when an invading army is at the gates. Wise men do not talk of sunshine when storms roll upon the horizon. In a German illustrated paper I saw this picture: A boatful of school children on the river, in charge of one of the sisters of the school. Some of the children play with each other. Some amuse themselves by trailing branches in the water. Others are reading and looking at pictures in their books. Two boys are rowing under the direction of the sister. A storm is gathering, black and threatening, in the sky. All faces are turned away from it. The sister alone looks up and sees it coming. She will give some hasty directions to the little oarsmen, that they may reach the shore in safety. Too often we are like the children in the boat. We go heedlessly on, while the skies grow ominous. We turn our backs to danger. We do not heed, even when one bids us look—the threatening heavens. We go on, in the easy optimism whose motto is, "God takes care of children, fools and the United States!"

What are the facts that I want you to understand this morning? These facts will be found in the census reports of which I have spoken, and are not manufactured for sensational purposes. In 1850 there was one criminal to every 3,500 of our population. In 1890 there was one criminal in every 786 of our population. In other words, in a period of forty years, there has been an increase of 445 per cent. in our criminal population, while the general population has increased but 170 per cent. in the same period. Or, take the decade ending with 1890, there was an increase of a trifle over 24 per cent. in our population, while the number of inmates in our penitentiaries, jails and reformatories increased a trifle over 45 per cent., or almost twice as fast as the general population. In other lands, England, Scotland and France, during the same period, the ratio has been diminishing. In England, for example, during the twenty years ending in 1890, criminal convictions fell off one-third. In Scotland and Ireland the same is true. And yet, in the cases I have mentioned (with the possible exception of Ireland), there was growth in wealth and population. While this country, in so many noble and worthy respects, stands preëminent among the nations of the earth, it is sad and humiliating—but the figures of our own census reports show it—that in rapid increase of crime and criminals, the sinister preeminence belongs also to America!

In a complete discussion of this subject we should have to inquire, first, whence do our criminals come?

second, What are the influences under which crime ripens, and, third, What can the community do to remove and prevent? While I cannot hope to give a complete view of the subject, in the time allotted to a single discourse, I may have something to say under each of these heads that may help us in reaching conclusions.

I.

First: In analyzing the sources we must remember that, since the close of our civil war, there have been certain exceptional and peculiar conditions in this country.

1. We have in this country a large colored population that about a generation ago emerged from slavery.

The leap from bondage to liberty of a people uneducated, untrained, and subject to violent passions, has been accompanied inevitably by license and excess. Statistics show (Census Bulletin 199), that while this race constitutes about one-eighth of our population, it furnishes over one-third of our convict class. It is only fair to say, however, that "the unreasonable prejudice of white officials, the desire of politicians to disfranchise voters, and of others to secure a greater plenty of convict labor, have unduly swelled the number of arrests and convictions among them out of proportion to the actual criminality of the race." It is also to be hoped that the continued progress of the colored people in education, in moral strength, and in material prosperity, under such wise and efficient leaders as Booker Washington, will rapidly diminish the actual proportion in years to come!

2. There is another thing to consider. For years this country has been the asylum of refuge for the moral wreckage of the world, the criminals and paupers of every other land under the sun.

Figures derived from the Eleventh Census, by Mr. F. H. Wines, show that "foreigners of the first and second generations constitute at present about one-twentieth of our population, but they furnish more than one-half the inmates of our reformatories, over one-third of our convicts, and nearly three-fifths of all the paupers supported in our almshouses." In this instance, also, it is but just to say that for some years there has been a marked improvement. The hard times, if they have done nothing else, have checked the influx of immigrants, and probably turned the tide in the other direction. Then, too, there has been a much more rigid enforcement of immigration laws. Steamship companies are forced to sift the applicants for passage before embarkation, and the sifting process is taken up on this side by proper officials. Many have been returned as disqualified, even after passing the inspection of the steamship companies. These things are hopeful. We would not close the doors upon anyone, from any other land, who can make an honest living and add to the dignity and worth of our citizenship. Let all such be welcomed. But we should make the needle's eye so small that the camels of crime, lunacy, disorder, pauperism and disease never could enter! We do not want these things. We do not want the people afflicted with these things. Other nations must bear their own burdens. Our banner will always wave its welcome to the honest, the provident, the industrious, who seek under its protecting stars a refuge from oppression or a larger opportunity in life.

3. One more thing must be mentioned. We are passing, and have for years been passing, through social and industrial changes that have affected multitudes of lives for good and ill.

Some of the most salient features of this period are the invention of labor-saving machinery, the creation of the corporation as a means of carrying on gigantic enterprises, the rise of the factory system, the transfer of large sections of the rural population to the cities, the organization of trades unions on a large scale, the substitution of unskilled for skilled labor in many manufacturing industries. We are going forward. This is an age of transition. Old methods of doing business and of carrying on the world's work are being left behind. We are coming into a new civilization, whose outlines, yet undiscerned, will doubtless mark an advanced stage in human evolution. But just now the new continent has not emerged from the seething waters of tossing seas. In all these changes there have been shiftings and displacements of large bodies of men. Old fields of industry have been destroyed, and old lines of activity obliterated. Whatever makes it difficult to gain a livelihood by honest labor will at last drive the weak and unfortunate into the ranks of crime. It is the testimony of all history that every period of transition—when the old is breaking up and the new has not yet come—a period in which there is general unsettling, will write its record in deeds of lawlessness upon the scroll of time!

II.

Thus have I tried to indicate some of the sources of crime and criminals. Let us now ask, What are some of the influences in society itself that tend to develop the germs of criminality in individuals and make crime more easy of commission?

I do not forget that doctrine of personal responsibility which I so constantly preach. Every man must bear his own burden, must carry the blame of his own transgression, the guilt of his own misdoing. Temptation has no coercive power. Influence is simply influence; not compulsion. On the other hand, the wrongdoing of the individual is often a sign of the temper of the community. A community may not realize its own drift, may not recognize the trend of its own thought and conduct until startled by some appalling deed. When crime runs rife in outbreaking acts, there is usually a background of lax public sentiment, a weakening of moral fiber in society. Blotches on the human face show something of the state of the blood. Irregularities on the face of society are indicative of irregularities that lie far deeper. Every individual criminal ought to be punished. On this point let there be no mistake. At the same time, every such infliction of punishment ought to be an occasion of heart-searching to all the members of the society in which that criminal was produced. Each one ought to ask himself, "Have I, directly or indirectly, helped to create the climate in which such growth was possible?"

1. Of the immediate causes of crime in this country, the one that lies behind the greatest number of criminal deeds is intemperance.

Chief Justice Noah Davis, of the New York Supreme Court, says: "Among all causes of crime, intemperance stands out the unapproachable chief." Dr. Harris, of the Prison Association of New York, says that "fully 85 per cent. of all convicts give evidence of having, in some larger degree, been prepared or enticed to do criminal acts because of the physical and destructive effects of alcohol upon the human organism." The State Board of Charities of Massachusetts say, "The proportion of crime traceable to this great vice, intemperance, must be set down as not less than one-fifth." Authorities vary in their estimates, but all agree that intemperance plays a most important part in the annals of crime.

Now, I am not undertaking to say what a man, in his own private capacity, shall do or shall not do; I am not prescribing what a man shall eat and drink in his own house or at his own table, or what he shall not eat and drink. That is his own affair, and not mine. But I do say that the saloon as it exists to-day, the saloon as an institution, the saloon as the visible

incarnation of the evils of alcoholism, the saloon as a public center, is a monumental evil. There, more than anywhere else, is crime hatched. There are passions inflamed that break out in deeds of violence. The saloon dominates parties and dictates candidates. Business men bow down before it. Legislators sometimes try to remove the limits that bound its territory. Good men apologize for it. For every misdeed that originates in the saloon or is fostered in it, the community that fails to stringently regulate that saloon by law, and to see that the laws which regulate it are enforced, it guilty. If the laws say that a saloon shall not be open after twelve o'clock at night, or that it shall not be open on Sunday, or that it shall not sell to such and such classes of people—the community that permits such laws to be violated becomes a partner in the resultant crime!

2. Again, the percentage of crime increases with density of population; so that society helps to breed crime when it allows its slums to exist to-day, as they do in every great city.

"The packing of these millions of humanity," says Mr. Boies, "into blocks and squares in tenements means vastly more than the mere crowding of the depraved and criminal together, where they teach and aid one another in crime. It involves the whole huddling of families together—father, mother, children—into one room, in which to live and sleep in the midst of the uncleanness of beastly poverty and the indiscriminate mingling of the sexes. It involves not only the greater temptations to intemperance, licentiousness, and crime; but, far worse, the universal disgorging of children into the streets indiscriminately, for air, exercise and play. In these streets the human tide mingles much, as in the sewers beneath the pure rains and waters of the service pipes are mixed, compounded and lost in all the waste and filth of the city, and flow away in a conglomerate, uniform flood. So the children of the street soon reach a social and moral equilibrium of a complexion and character not far removed from the death-generating dregs from which the city must be cleansed." These hot-beds and breeders of crime, these springs of vice and iniquity, these sources of moral miasma, these training schools of the thief and the assassin, exist because society is willing to have them exist. They exist because they have never been intelligently studied and scientifically handled. For the sad results, the evils that here originate, the transgressions against life and property and morality that date their beginnings to the slums, society has some part of the responsibility. I say again, let every individual criminal be punished, but let not the good people who suffer the conditions to exist wash their hands in innocence!

3. But there is something more and more important than all; that is, there are certain traits and tendencies in society that constitute a favorable climate and soil for the growth of criminal germs.

(1) There is a certain spirit of lawlessness, all too prevalent—a disregard of obligation, an impatience with the very suggestion of duty. Everybody wants to do as he pleases, whether he interferes with others or not. Everybody clamors about rights—his right to wealth or pleasure or anything he wishes. Everyone wants to follow his own inclination, irrespective of consequences, intolerant of restraints. Whim and fancy are the untrustworthy guides, ease and enjoyment the ignoble goals. This is the very atmosphere in which violations of law are engendered; these are the very motives which actuate the public offender. Who to-day faces his conscience and asks, first of all, What is my duty? Who to-day, in the spirit of Paul upon the Damascus road, bares his head and heart in the light of heaven, and asks, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

(2) There is also abroad a spirit that worships financial success in itself, and irrespective of the means by which it has been gained. Thus are men too often influenced to crimes which hold out the possibility of wealth. Too truly has it been said, "Every young man knows that if he succeeds he will be forgiven. He knows that so far as society is concerned the question of whether his crown is one of myrtle or of thorns, is not one of moral right and wrong. The only thing that society, in the long run, will not forgive, is failure." And that which goes on at the top of society is bound to report itself at the bottom. The avarice that strains a point of conscience or of law to gain an extra thousand, is precisely the same kind of avarice that actuates the common thief or the housebreaker. And the avarice of the thief at the bottom justifies itself by the avarice of his brother, in the same profession, at the top!

(3) Still more serious is the spirit of indifference to the sanctity of human life. Ex-President White of Cornell is authority for the statement that, in 1895, there were 10,500 murders committed in the United States. I may be wrong about it, but it does not seem as if this appalling showing could be possible, were there not too lax a sentiment concerning the value and sacredness of human life pervading society in general. There are some sections of this country where the murder of a Chinaman would awaken no comment, others where the killing of a negro would be taken as a matter of course, and still others—even before the battle at Leech Lake—where the killing of an Indian would attract no attention. Whatever the race, any sentiment that ignores violence for that race prepares violence for every other race. But go farther: "Men are cheaper than shingles," said the sweater, when his men asked him to stop a leak in the roof. "We do not care whether you live or die." The reluctance with which safeguards to life and limb have been introduced into the machinery of manufacture and transportation has been extremely significant. On the other hand, the same spirit of indifference is shown in another way, by those who lionize the criminal; who devote pages of the public prints to his history and conversation; who place bouquets of fair flowers in hands that are red with blood, and who express a maudlin sympathy for what they term his misfortunes!

III.

The other question that remains for brief consideration is, What can society do to prevent or remove crime?

I have endeavored to show some of the sources of crime; I have pointed out the way in which liberty has operated upon a class once wholly without responsibility; how from other shores the weak and depraved have been unloaded upon us; how the transition from manual to machine industry has thrust down and out thousands who have been driven to desperation. Take these as the material; put them into a society that is indifferent to the enforcement of temperance laws; that does not study the conditions under which thousands and tens of thousands live; that is itself infected with a spirit of lawlessness, avarice and disregard for human life—and it is not singular that the record of crime in America is written so large in crimson characters!

1. We must realize the fact that the question of crime and criminality is not merely a black patch upon the social fabric, but that it is woven into the warp and woof of the entire piece.

Society itself must be made better, and this bettering process concerns us all. The redemption of the masses is largely in the hands of the intelligent, the cultivated, the privileged and the wealthy. It is a vital and personal question. The man at the top too often says, "The laws are made for the ignorant and vicious; I do not need them." But the eyes of the

ignorant and vicious are upon him, and the ignorant and vicious seen no reason why they should be bound by laws which the man at the top repudiates. The man at the top says, sometimes, "The church is all right for the man at the bottom; he needs the restraints of religion, but I do not!" And the man at the bottom sends his compliments back, and avers that he will have nothing to do with religion either. The man at the top says, "I am sufficient unto myself; I recognize no obligations to others; I am looking out for number one!" The man at the bottom says, "The same to you; I'm looking out for number one, myself, and if I have to crack your safe, or even your head, in the process, we are working upon the same principle!" Phillips Brooks says: "The man held in the grasp of the state which represents and expresses his humanity, that is the prisoner. Only by the advancement and improvement of that humanity; only by a more human and so a more humane spirit in the state; only by a purer, nobler, more just, more generous, more Christian life everywhere; only by a better manhood to hold in its grasp this weak and wicked man, can this special improvement be brought about. In the hand which holds must be first the ripeness and the strength which it shall give to the broken, enfeebled and demoralized nature which it holds."

2. Then must we go to work to understand the immediate conditions in which the germs of crime do flourish most.

Charles Dudley Warner says: "Society must concern itself intelligently about the city slums and the vulgar vice of country towns. The schools of both must be made better than they now are, and children must be compelled to attend them at least nine months in the year. If the slums cannot be made habitable, then the children must be taken out of them and be placed where they can lead decent lives. It does not need demonstration that no country can go on to prosperity with society rotting at the foundations." Whoever helps to save the children of this generation is helping to save the next generation from an army of criminals. Dry up the fountains, and the polluted waters will no longer engulf the land. Dig out the roots, and the deadly upas tree will no longer throw its blighting shadow over all that is fair and good. Tear out the cornerstone, and the ghastly structure must fall at last! The children, the children—save them, and this great, groaning, agonizing world will break forth at last into the music of redemption!

3. There is also a large field in which work can be done for those who have already lifted their hands against society, and are in the grip of law and justice.

Methods of dealing with them are improving every year, and a larger and larger number are being constantly restored to lives of usefulness. We can take an intelligent and appreciative interest in this work, and can encourage those who labor to bring these methods to perfection. Yesterday afternoon I picked up a volume of "Les Miserables," in which I read this paragraph: "One day he [the good Bishop] saw some countrymen very busy in tearing up nettles; he looked at the pile of uprooted and already withered plants, and said, 'They are dead, and yet they are good if you know how to use them. When nettles are young, the tops are an excellent vegetable. When they are old, they have threads and fiber, like hemp and flax. When chopped up, nettles are good for fowls; when pounded, excellent for horned cattle. Nettle seed mixed with the food renders the coats of cattle shining, and the root mixed with salt produces a fine yellow color. The nettle is also excellent hay, which can be mown twice; and what does it require? A little earth, no care, and no cultivation. The only thing is that the seed falls as it ripens and is difficult to garner. If a little care was taken, the nettle would be useful; but being neglected, it becomes injurious and is then killed. Here men resemble nettles.' He added, after a moment's silence, 'My friends, remember this—there are no bad herbs or bad men; there are only bad cultivators.'" The great Frenchman may have put the case a trifle strongly; but how much more bad handling is there in the world than hopeless material!

While to-day we have the undesirable preeminence of which I spoke in the beginning, I have full faith in the future of this nation. I believe that we shall solve the problems of crime and criminality, just as we have solved other problems. But it needs the full force of our intelligence, our patriotism, and our religion. Those elements, when thoroughly aroused, are invincible. Intelligence is stronger than ignorance, and virtue is more powerful than vice. The spirit of Christ is stronger than the spirit of wrong and rebellion; and when this spirit is once fully incarnated in the hearts and lives of those who profess to revere His name and call him "Lord"—then will the work which he inaugurated be carried on its glorious consummation. Then will the evil perish. Then will the hand of man no longer be lifted against his brother. The tree of crime with wither, for the soil in which its awful roots were struck will have been changed. Idleness and irresponsibility will have been replaced by honest industry. The schools will be full and the prisons deserted. Childhood, unblighted by the slums, will grow to strong and earnest manhood. "Who among you," asks the prophet, "will give ear to this? Who is there among you that will hear for the time to come?" When the question of the prophet is answered, then no more will the "people be robbed and spoiled!"

Afterglow.

Sometime, as the years glide onward,
And the sunsets come and go;
When your heart has learned its lesson,
And, bleeding, lieth low;
Sometime, when the clouds have parted
Cut by a beam of gold;
My prayer shall have its answer,
Freighted with love untold.

Somewhere in the soft, green pastures
By the silent, peaceful stream,
The storms which surge behind me
Shall but gentle music seem.
Somewhere on the upward journey
The Shepherd will bid me rest,
And the sheep which has strayed and fallen
Shall lie in his tender breast.

Sometime in the dewy morning,
Or the busy, restless noon,
Or the twilight of the evening,
Sometime, late or soon;
Somewhere on the height of mountain,
Or in the valley low;
My heart shall unfold and blossom
In the beautiful afterglow.

—*Marion Boal, in Christian Endeavor World.*

The Pharisee.

A native New Zealand preacher thus defined a Pharisee: "A Pharisee," said he, "is like a bag tied half-way down. The bag is open at the top, but anything put into it would not reach the bottom; so it is with the Pharisee; when he prays, he opens wide his mouth, but he keeps his heart close shut. He asks with his lips for things his heart cares not for. Besides, he always talks for effect; for if ever God were to grant him the things he asks for, it would only be a waste of good gifts, for they could not get to the bottom; his pride, like the string that is tied round the bag, preventing them; they would therefore do him no good, as they would reach no farther than his throat.—*From an Old Scrap Book.*

The Study Table.

Voices of Hope.*

Mr. Dresser, like Henry Wood, to whom this volume is dedicated, is an advocate of the supremacy of mind over matter, or, rather, of the human will over conditions. Hence, he is an optimist of the optimists and his book is well named. Though far clearer in his language than his friend, to whom he dedicates his work, his thought is not always distinct, nor his ideas clearly wrought out. It is to this fact, doubtless, that we must attribute certain glaring self-contradictions. Thus (page 18) he says: "Is this not a fair statement of life's problem—the conflict of two selves, the question what to do with the weak or undeveloped side," etc., while on page 31 he says: "There are not in reality two selves, or powers, in conflict, but one power, turned now inward to self, now outward to humanity." The two statements, as they stand, are contradictory, but the ideas involved not necessarily so, the fault, apparently, being in the language used. Again he says (page 46): "Law is found to be the basis of all our trust in the world. It gives us strong reason to believe in the integrity of nature. It shows us what to depend on, namely, that under similar conditions the same effects follow similar causes," while in the chapter on "The Progressing God" he pleads for "chance," for "a moving, progressing God, who may some time add to his universe, enjoying possibilities, expecting novelties," and questions whether we have any valid reason "for positing the existence of a fixed absolute." But the most chaotic passage of all is found on page 47, where he says: "In fact, it makes little difference to nature whether an event be accidental or within the established order. So rigid is she in the insistence that effect shall be like cause, that you must always describe her phenomena thus: Certain results follow from certain causes, unless something intervenes, in which case you should expect something else." After reading that one may be justified in giving up all attempt to understand Mr. Dresser's philosophy as a system. The whole book is lacking in articulation, but its tone is so high, its spirit so hopeful, and its pages so sprinkled with telling sentences that the total impression is excellent. The optimism that recognizes drawbacks to present perfection, but rejoices because these evils are not only curable, but provide, in their removal, a necessary element of soul power, is a wholesome teaching. And while all may not be able to sing so joyfully as our author does, the ultimate triumph of harmony, in bringing which to pass some millions of us have staked and lost our ally, yet it is better so than that personal defeat should be only a type of universal service. Such teachings as Mr. Dresser puts forth in this volume, as in his others (especially in his "The Power of Silence") cannot fail to be helpful.

W. I. LAWRENCE.

Ten Minute Sermons.*

To that considerable number of people who regard Professor Peabody as one of the ablest, if not the ablest, of American preachers, this volume will be most welcome. His consummate skill as an homilist, his keen analysis of life spiritually interpreted, and the fervor of his style and manner are here seen at their best. If one were to attempt a criticism of these gems of lofty thought it would be that they betray the author's highly specialized outlook upon life. A college career extended through a lifetime, while it may sharpen one's observation and quicken one's sympathies (as is certainly true in Dr. Peabody's case), still lacks a certain broadening power which only the rough and tumble of direct dealing with less priviliged people can give. This, however, is only make-believe criticism. The writer feels himself too closely bound to Dr. Peabody by the ties of personal regard and classroom obligations to pass critical judgment. These sermons were addressed primarily to university students. They are keen analyses of various aspects of life, as it appears to such hearers, and, since life is fundamentally one, to all. Though scholarly, the addresses are plain and easy to follow, and while of the choicest English glow with deep fervor. Incidentally, preachers are here shown the possibilities of ten-minute sermons, for, while these discourses are full and satisfactory treatments of their themes, there is no appearance of haste or of effort at condensation. They move, however (in Brooke Herford's phrase), "like the crack of a whip," each having a single aim and reaching it by the most direct course. General readers, who appreciate high thought, but are not drawn to volumes of conventional sermons, will find these brief discourses deeply interesting and suggestive.

W. I. LAWRENCE.

*Voices of Hope, and other Messages from the Hills. By Horatio W. Dresser. Boston: George H. Ellis. Pages, 213. Price, $1.50.

*Afternoons in the College Chapel. Short addresses to young men on personal religion. By Francis Greenwood Peabody, Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1898. Pages, 212. Price, $1.25.

This is an attempt to make the life of Jesus more real by depicting it as a boy of from twelve to fourteen might have seen it. Such books, in a field where James Freeman Clarke has done so well and Lew Wallace so famously, are open to criticism from many points of view. To those who accept the New Testament miracles in all literalness, this book will seem unusually successful. Joel is a wholly possible boy, albeit somewhat precocious, a peculiarity explicable in view of his nationality and his lameness. His conversion is a worthy bit of psychological study. With some curious gaps, the story moves forward with simple naturalness. The author's self-restraint in dealing with the character of Jesus is especially to be commended. That we have here so little of his ethical and spiritual teachings and so much of his miracles and of the messianic expectations may make it all the more accurate as a reflection of the way people viewed Jesus; but that fact makes it a less useful book for the average reader.

W. I. L.

The *Century* gives us an article that just now should be read by all live citizens on the Nicarauga Canal. It says: "When the divide between the Atlantic and Pacific is cut through part of the waters of the lake, which have for untold ages flowed east into the Caribbean Sea, will flow west into the Pacific. Lake Nicarauga, covering as it does nearly three thousand square miles, becomes not only a part of the water route itself, but a grand reservoir, located exactly where it is most needed—at the summit level. Thus it will be seen that while nature has not quite opened through Nicaragua a complete waterway to the Pacific, she has come very near to it. In fact, of all the routes for an interoceanic canal that have been received for consideration, it must be admitted that so much has already been accomplished by nature toward this end that the work which remains for man to do will be far less than by any other route.

One day a gentleman found a little girl busy at the ironing table, smoothing the towels and stockings. "Isn't it hard work for your little arms?" he asked. A look like sunshine came into her face, as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby. "It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said softly.

*Joel. A Boy of Galilee. By Annie Fellows Johnston. Illustrated by Victor A. Searles. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1898. Pages, 253.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—To praise, with anything like judgment, is the work of an artist. To condemn, to vilify, is within every man's power.

MON.—The thing which makes one man greater than another, the quality by which we ought to measure greatness, is a man's capacity for loving.

TUES.—There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence; so much is there in the way of doing things.

WED.—I believe that fatigue, simple fatigue, is the cause often of our gravest errors.

THURS.—The heroic example of other days is in great part the source of the courage of each generation; and men walk up composedly to the most perilous enterprises, beckoned onward by the shades of the braves that were.

FRI.—From a genial, wisely-developed man good things radiate.

SAT.—It is in length of patience and endurance and forbearance that so much of what is good in man and womankind is shown.

Arthur Helps.

Where's Mother?

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say;
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by,
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again;
From the boy with sparkling eyes
Bearing home his earliest prize;
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perils past and honors won:
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace;
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say
"Where's mother?"

Mother with untiring hands,
At the post of duty stands,
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of the children as they cry,
Ever as the days go by,
"Where's mother?"

—*Our Homes and Our Homeless.*

Their Jewels.

A certain Rabbi had two sons, whom he and his wife tenderly loved.

Duty obliged the Rabbi to take a journey to a distant country; during his absence, his two promising boys sickened and died.

The grief-stricken mother laid them out on their bed, drew the curtain, and waited anxiously for her husband.

He came—it was night.

"How are my boys?" was the first question. "Let me see them."

"Stay awhile," said his wife; "I am in great trouble, and I want your advice. Some years ago a friend lent me some jewels. I took great care of them, at last began to prize them as my own. Since your departure, my friend has called for them, but I did not like to part with them. Shall I give them up?"

"Wife! what a strange request is this? Give them up, and that instantly, this very night. Show me the jewels."

She took the Rabbi to their bed, drew aside the curtain, and said—"Husband, there are the jewels!"

The Rabbi bowed his head and wept.—*From an Old Scrap Book.*

A Bird's Trustfulness.

The following story will doubly interest our readers when we tell them of the unique little eight-page paper from which it was taken. *The Open Door* is edited, printed and published at Harleyville, N. J., by a bed-ridden man, an almost helpless cripple since 1888, with such assistance as his wife can give him. He sets the type and she does the presswork.

"Some time ago I became the owner of a very beautiful red-bird, which I named Wildie, as he was not so tame as my pet canaries. He was very fond of hemp seed, which I used to buy, but now it comes up in my yard every year, inviting and receiving bird visitors. One spring day I concluded that Wildie should have his liberty. But this pet was so attached to me that he wasn't eager to leave, and hopped around near the house for some time, a bright thing of beauty amid the green shrubbery. After a few days he was missing. Summer and fall passed by, and cold winter came with winds and snows, when one day I heard a tapping on the transom of a door that had been made as part of an inclosure to the porch where he had found his freedom. It is impossible to express my surprise and joy at seeing Wildie again and I hastened to give him food. Since then, in cold weather, he comes tap-tap upon the glass, for he knows that if he asks he will receive. What a lesson of trust!"—*The Humane Alliance.*

A Young Patriot.

While our soldiers were passing through Kentucky last summer on their way South, a small, barefoot boy, with a tin bucket in his hand and a look of complete absorption on his face, was standing near the train when it stopped a few minutes at a wayside station.

The soldiers were taking a long ride and had had nothing to eat since the night before, and they were quite a hungry lot. One of them called to the boy:

"Sonny, what have you in your bucket?"

"My dinner."

"I'll give you a dime for it," said the hungry soldier.

The lad quickly handed the bucket to the speaker, but when payment was offered he shook his head.

"No, sir, I wouldn't charge a soldier for anything to eat. You are welcome to it." And when the train moved off one lad trotted dinnerless to school, but with a patriotic heart beating loudly in his bosom.—*Success.*

An Island People.

One of the English warships has been cruising among the Solomon Islands, which, you will find on the map, are northeast of Australia. The officers of the warship report that they found in these islands a race of people so large as to be called giants. The men were over six feet tall, and had long, straight hair, which they dyed yellow. The hair of the women was short. They are a copper-colored people. These people have no war weapons, and, of course, live in peace with each other and with their neighbors. They have no books and no history. The officers of the warship say that they have good homes and are kind to their children.—*The Outlook.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

India.—Dr. Fairbairn, who is now delivering lectures under the "Haskell Trust," as the successor of Dr. Barrows, seems to be commending himself to the more intelligent elements in India. The representatives of the Brahmo-Somaj are urging him to study the teachings of Chunder Sen. We hope the visit of Dr. Fairbairn will prove another overture for exchange. Christianity has valuable commodities, but so has Hinduism and Buddhism. Let the representatives of both be enriched by generous exchange.

Governor Roosevelt and the Sweat-Shops. —In the first message the gallant governor of New York has grappled with the awful problem of the sweat-shop. He advocates the increasing of the number of factory inspectors, to the end that, eventually, even the needle industries of that state may be brought under sanitary and ethical conditions.

Education.—The commission appointed by Mayor Harrison of Chicago to study the present school system and to recommend a reconstruction of the same, after diligent labor, have reported. Whatever wisdom may be embodied in their report is, for the time being, overlaid by the agitation and indignation aroused by certain recommendations, pre-eminently by the recommendation that in order to increase the number of male teachers a discrimination in wages be instituted, giving to men a higher salary than to women for the same work. That the presence of more men in the teaching force would be an advantage is apparent, but that they should be secured by unjust discrimination or class legislation is a proposition as reactionary as it is offensive to the sense of justice. The commission had better try again.

Oakland, Cal.—Rev. J. T. Sunderland has recently been pleading for "Present Day Scriptures" in his pulpit. He said:

"Every new age demands to have its science new written, its philosophy new written, its poetry new written, its music new written, its art new created. That is, the world's intellectual and moral life must be a flowing stream, not a stagnant pool. The activity is its life. To stand still is to die.

"It is the same in religion. For religion to live on the past alone is to turn to stone. There must be the present oracles, the open version, the continuous revelation, the word that speaks to-day."

Detroit.—Rev. Leo M. Franklin, who was the hospitable rabbi of the Jewish congregation at Omaha, last October, and who was an active member of the local committee of the Liberal Congress held in that city, has been called to preside over the Jewish congregation in this city. A strong congregation has called a strong man to do a strong work for liberality and progress.

Lincoln, Nebraska.—It was an auspicious initiation of the work of Rev. J. Lewis Marsh, as pastor of All Souls' Church in this place, which took place Friday evening, January 10th. In the installation service the invocation was pronounced by Rev. T. J. Thompson, pastor of the Christian Church of Lincoln; the Scripture was read by Rev. John Doane, the Congregational pastor; the installation prayer and sermon were delivered by Rev. N. M. Mann, the Unitarian minister of Omaha. The address to the pastor was given by the Chancellor of the State University, Professor George F. MacLean, a Presbyterian. The address to the people was given by Rev. G. W. Stone, pastor of the Unitarian Church of Kansas City, and the right hand of fellowship was given by Rev. W. H. Manss, the Congregational minister. Mr. Marsh comes West under the auspices of the American Unitarian Association. The church building he occupies was erected by, and for the Universalist denomination. If now it can be an All Souls' Church indeed, in the temper of the installation, a church that will justify its being by its insistence upon the things held in common, rather than upon the things held in difference, Lincoln will at last have an open church, the people's church it has long waited for. So dire has been its need in this direction that no smaller substitute has availed. We welcome Mr. and Mrs. Marsh back to the West from which they went as missionaries to the East nearly a quarter of a century ago.

Chicago.—The acceptance of the call to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, by N. D. Hillis, who for the last four years has preached from the platform of Central Music Hall, is the event of the week in church circles.

—The possibility of the transference of Doctor Hirsch from Chicago to New York causes an apprehension much wider than to the Jewish fraternity. To those in Chicago who believe that the problems of the state are also the problems of religion, that the church should be a power in the civic life of a community, that the pulpit should voice the latest scholarship and represent a fearless independency, the going hither of Emil G. Hirsch would be an event that would be looked at in the light of a public calamity.

—An unexpected indisposition prevented Doctor Thomas from occupying his pulpit last Sunday morning, and at the last moment B. Nagarkar of Bombay, India, representative of the Brahma Somaj (the Church of God) movement among the Hindus, occupied his pulpit and spoke of the rise and tendency of that most interesting movement. Mr. Nagarkar was a delegate to the Parliament of Relgions, and visits America for the second time. He comes with a message of fraternity from the most intelligent and progressive elements in India to the similar elements in America.

—This year the annual Carnival, a character presentation with which the Novel Section of All Souls Church closes up its season, was given in midwinter. Last week the Literary Section of the Oakland Club and the above organization, which have been studying Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," jointly presented in the halls of the Oakland Club, the most striking pageant yet produced in this always notable series. Nearly three hundred persons were in costume. Some thirty tableaux were presented. Costumes and tableaux represented careful study, and, so far as possible, a reproduction in the spirit of the author. The characters first moved across the stage and were presented, as they passed, to the large audience seated in the hall, after which the tableaux were presented. They reached from the somber sublimity of Jean Valjean, in the sewer with the unconscious Marius on his back, to the resistless multitude following the little Gavroche to the barracks, singing the mighty chorus of the Marseillaise. If we were to give names the readers of UNITY would find among them many an acquaintance.

Des Moines, Iowa.—A fellowship meeting of the Iowa Association of Unitarian and other independent churches will be held at this place on February 7, 8 and 9, 1899, with the following program:

Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.: Sermon—George W. Stone, Kansas City, Mo.

Wednesday, 9:00 a. m.: Missionary Meeting—The Present Problems of the Iowa Association, Elinor E. Gordon. Discussion—Mary A. Safford, Sioux City; Arthur M. Judy, Davenport; A. G. Wilson, Decorah.

11:00 a m: How May we Win a Closer Fellowship in Iowa?—J. Mulholland, Iowa Falls; J. H. Palmer, Cedar Rapids; Henry L. Griffiths, Des Moines; G. S. Garfield, Humboldt; F. H. York, Anamosa.

12:00 m.: Devotional Meeting—A. G. Wilson.

2:00 p. m.: Paper—"The Continuity of Religious Growth," N. M. Mann, Omaha.

2:30 p. m.: Loyalty to Liberal Periodicals: The Register versus The Outlook.

3:00 p. m.: Discussion and business.

6:30 p. m.: Reception of delegates and dinner served by Des Moines parish.

Thursday, 9:00 a. m.: Business Meeting—Plans of Work: General Missionary Work—A. M. Judy; The Iowa City Church—Elinor E. Gordon; A State Missionary, H. M. Ferrin.

11:00 a. m.: "Sunday Evening As An Opportunity"—E. M. S. Hodgin, Humboldt; Charles Graves, Webster City; Hugh Miller, Iowa City.

12:00 m.: Devotional Meeting—Charles Graves.

2:00 p. m.: "A Plea for Theology"—A. W. Gould, Chicago. Discussion—F. M. Bennett, Keokuk.

3:00 p. m.: An Hour With New Books—Prof. James' "Human Immortality." Andrew Lang's "The Making of Religion." Mrs. Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale."

7:30 p. m.: Stereopticon Lecture—Mary A. Safford. Subject: "Jesus in Picture, Poem and Song."

All those expecting to attend are urged to send their names before February 5th to Mr. M. H. Griffith, Equitable building, Des Moines, Iowa.

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Wrestling and Blessing.

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Tenderness.
The Seamless Robe.
The Divine Benediction.

A FEW PRESS NOTICES.

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This is a very helpful little book to keep on desk or work-table, so that a chapter, page, or mere sentence may be read in the hurried intervals of daily occupation. It is not a manual of devotion. It does not incite to emotional piety, nor to morbid subjective questioning; but it strengthens the soul to "serve God and bless the world." Though some of the titles are followed by texts, they are not elaborated into sermons, but are key-notes to simple and charming essays, full of suggestive thoughts and illustrations which encourage and cheer the heart. They show how every life, however humble or hindered, can be made great and glorious by struggle, faithfulness, and love.

There are eight essays, four by each of the authors. It is hard to choose from them, when all are excellent. Perhaps "Blessed be Drudgery," and "A Cup of Cold Water" will appeal most strongly to many. It is rarely realized, and therefore cannot be too often repeated, that the drudgery which seems to dwarf our lives is the secret of their growth. Life could easily be made beautiful, if each would offer the "cup of water" to the thirsty one near him, and all are thirsting for something.

It is impossible in a few paragraphs to give extracts from a book, every page of which contains sentences worthy of quotation.

There are, indeed, expressions which those whose creed differs from that of the author's would wish omitted, as when "Goethe, Spencer, Agassiz, and Jesus" are grouped together as equal illustrations. It was not necessary to accentuate the bravery of our soldier boys of '61 by casting a slur on the Christian Commission. And it will lessen to some the influence of the high truths in every chapter, that so many of the dear old Bible stories are numbered among myths and legends. But if we look for good, we shall find all the pages full of the spirit of Christ, and true, uplifting teaching is drawn from every Bible incident mentioned. We would gladly have more honor shown to the latter, but, after all, "the Spirit giveth life." Hence (with the exceptions and reservations noted above) we heartily commend the book.—*The National Baptist.*

A BOOK TO HELP ONE LIVE.—"The Faith That Makes Faithful" is a stimulus to the drooping spirit and tired body. Its lines are encouraging to those whose cares and offices are not without alloy, and they are excellent reading for all who have or wish to have a purpose in life. The opening chapter is entitled "Blessed be Drudgery," and the thought therein tends to strengthen one in performing the thousand little things in life's pathway and make them light, that we are accustomed to look upon as grinding drudgery. There are chapters on faithfulness, tenderness, divine benediction, etc. The style is spirited and spiritual, and it is not only a volume for goodly reading, but one that will help us live for purpose and right. It is a collaborate production of Messrs. William Channing Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The best evidence of its acceptance by the public and its merit is the fact that it has reached its twenty-fifth thousand.—*Books.*

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL is the happy title of a volume of eight sermons by W. C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. They are discourses entirely devoid of theological significance, and written from the standpoint of ethical and practical teachers, unembarrassed by any of the conventionalities of the popular theology. The discourses are of a high order of excellence, so far as literary form is concerned, and well calculated to help and encourage the reader to make life fruitful, trustful, and blessed. "Blessed be Drudgery," by Mr. Gannett, and "Tenderness" and "The Divine Benediction," by Mr. Jones, are the discourses which have most impressed us, but all are worthy of thought and personal application. The little volume is a very choice addition to our Western sermon literature.—*Universalist.*

FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. Sermons preached by Revs. W. C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Alfred C. Clark of Chicago has just issued a brochure which contains eight sermons, four being preached by Rev. W. C. Gannett on "Blessed be Drudgery," "I Had a Friend," "A Cup of Cold Water," and "Wrestling and Blessing," and the other four by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, on "Faithfulness," "Tenderness," "The Seamless Robe," and "The Divine Benediction." These discourses are of an ennobling, purifying character, full of beautiful sentiment and rich in pathetic incidents that will stir the tenderest emotions. After reading this little work one cherishes a kindlier, gentler feeling for all humanity, and if he is not made better by the chaste and holy spirit that pervades the book he must surely be insensible to the pleading of virtue, and the joy that comes from correct living and the hope of a bright and happy future.

The general title of the volume is "The Faith that Makes Faithful."—*Madison Democrat.*

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This little volume embraces the following essays, or little sermons: "Blessed be Drudgery," "Faithfulness," "I Had a Friend," "Tenderness," "A Cup of Cold Water," "The Seamless Robe," "Wrestling and Blessing," and "The Divine Benediction." Each author has contributed equally to the book, and both have given to the public many beautiful thoughts clothed in beautiful language. The essays are, in part, didactic, and contain reflections upon life in the different subjects treated that are not only interesting, but inspiring. Could the lessons taught be so impressed that they would be heeded, life would be made better for many people whose existence would become less purposeless. The faith found in this volume, if heeded—if made as much a part of the individual as it is a part of the book—will make faithful many who would be much better by having read the essays.—*The Current.*

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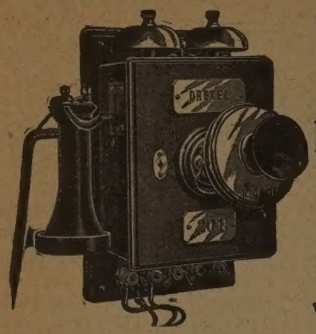

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". . . I simply try to aid in letting the light of historical truth into that decaying mass of outworn thought which attaches the modern world to mediæval conceptions of Christianity, and which still lingers among us — a most serious barrier to religion and morals, and a menace to the whole normal evolution of society. For behind this barrier also the flood is rapidly rising — the flood of increased knowledge and new thought; and this barrier also, though honeycombed and in many places thin, creates a danger — danger of a sudden breaking away, distressing and calamitous, sweeping before it not only outworn creeds and noxious dogmas, but cherished principles and ideals, and even wrenching out most precious religious and moral foundations of the whole social and political fabric. My hope is to aid — even if it be but a little — in the gradual and healthful dissolving away of this mass of unreason, that the stream of 'Religion pure and undefiled' may flow on broad and clear, a blessing to humanity. . . . My belief is, that in the field left to them — their proper field — the clergy will more and more, as they cease to struggle against scientific methods and conclusions, do work even nobler and more beautiful than anything they have heretofore done. And this is saying much. My conviction is that Science, though it has evidently conquered Dogmatic Theology based on Biblical texts and ancient modes of thought, will go hand in hand with Religion; and that, although theological control will continue to diminish, Religion, as seen in the recognition of 'a Power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness,' and in the love of God and of our neighbor, will steadily grow stronger and stronger, not only in the American institutions of learning, but in the world at large. Thus may the declaration of Micah as to the requirements of Jehovah, the definition by St. James of 'pure religion and undefiled,' and, above all, the precepts and ideals of the blessed Founder of Christianity himself, be brought to bear more and more effectively on mankind."—*From the Author's Introduction.*

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